

# EL PASO HERALD

Established April, 1881. The El Paso Herald includes also, by absorption and succession, The Daily News, The Telegraph, The Telegram, The Tribune, The Graphic, The Sun, The Advertiser, The Independent, The Journal, The Republican, The Bulletin.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS AND AMER. NEWSP. PUBLISHERS' ASSOC. Entered at the Postoffice in El Paso, Tex., as Second Class Matter.

Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

The Daily Herald is issued six days a week and the Weekly Herald is published every Thursday, at El Paso, Texas, and the Sunday Mail Edition is also sent to Weekly Subscribers.

Business Office ..... Bell. Auto. 1115  
Editorial Rooms ..... 1115  
Society Reporter ..... 1019  
Advertising department ..... 1115

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
Daily Herald, per month, \$2.00; per year, \$19.00. Weekly Herald, per year, \$2.00. The Daily Herald is delivered by carriers in El Paso, East El Paso, Fort Bliss and Towne, Texas, and Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, at 60 cents a month. A subscriber desiring the address on his paper changed will please state in his communication both the old and the new address.

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No. 97

## Value Of Manual Training

MANUAL training teaches precision and attention. The idea of exactness, failing which is rather a disgrace, is driven into the immature mind by a well planned manual training course; better than in any other way—many teachers, especially those who never had experience or benefit of manual training themselves, ascribe this virtue to mathematics, but mathematics has not the same appeal to the child's impulse and preference, and is generally forced upon him while manual training is his choice and influences him more deeply.

The system in the El Paso schools, under which the children furnish their own material, whether it be for sewing and millinery, or for carpenter and mechanical work, is far superior to that prevailing in many other cities, where material is furnished without charge. Under the local system, both the children and their parents are apt to feel a greater responsibility for excellent work and avoidance of error and waste. In the El Paso schools, girls make clothing for themselves and for their younger sisters, and boys make useful furniture.

But the actual making of finished objects, the gaining of manual dexterity, or the preliminary training for future trades or employment—these things, important though they be in special cases, are not as important in the broader view, as is the general training in attention and precision, the general education of the faculties of observation, and of accuracy in obeying directions, which result from any well planned manual training, and which affect most favorably the general intellectual development of every boy and girl fortunate enough to have such advantages.

Comparison and competition excite interest and emulation. A carelessly stitched fabric, broken threads in laundered lace, ill judged perspective in a mechanical drawing, the ugly mark of a chisel that slipped, gobs of glue obscuring a poor tenon joint—such things condemned with sympathetic criticism by a wise teacher become tragedies to a child, or bring disgrace through the derision of associates or through an inward sense of failure. No amount of arithmetic or geography or grammar could ever excite the wholesome pride that is aroused by the sense of creative work well accomplished. And the general educational benefit of manual training comes to every boy and girl, no matter what the occupation in after life; there is not a boy or girl, having enjoyed the advantages of a well planned manual training course under competent teachers, who does not look back in after years with appreciation of the particular benefits derived from it.

Meanwhile, McNamara.

Raise hogs, and the hogs will raise the mortgage.

Poultry and eggs in this valley are ready money.

Fortunately, it is too hot in Washington for congress to stay much longer. If it passes the reciprocity measure it may go home, for statehood is very unlikely to be reached in the senate anyhow.

Already men's minds turn from revolution and death and ruin as from a bad dream. May the awakening be joyous.

The postal savings banks are quietly taking hold in the smaller towns, and they have not put a single ordinary bank out of business either. Not a complaint of their operation has yet been heard.

No political reform would bring such immediate and tangible benefit to the Mexican people as the abolition of gambling, including lotteries and keno. Bull fighting also, besides being brutal and degrading, is the worst kind of advertising for the Mexican nation, giving foreigners and tourists a totally false notion of the spirit of the Mexican people.

Where El Paso Lags

THE BEST sports after all are the people of Artesia, N. M., a little town in the Pecos valley, which has just pledged itself to pay a bonus of \$100,000 to the first railroad running trains between Artesia and El Paso.

If El Paso city were to put up money for this purpose in the same proportion per capita, the railroad would be built and equipped and there would be a million or so in the bank toward the extension to the plains country and the Red river.

Artesia is not the only neighbor city on the east that sets a pace for us. A business men's excursion from El Paso taking in territory adjacent to the G. H. & S. A., the Orient line, the Toyah valley, the Texas & Pacific, and the Pecos valley could not fail to be impressed with the forward movement that has taken place in these regions (to most of us unknown) within the last few years. There are beautiful cities, villages with city advantages, valuable and productive farms, orchards, and ranches, immense general stores and wholesale houses, creameries, factories, costly irrigation works, and public and private buildings, churches and schools, that will amaze our people.

The Pecos valley short line railroad, long talked of, is the key to some of the richest of this territory, and Artesia has set a pace that ought to start things moving. El Paso is not beginning to live up to her opportunities or her duties as the southwestern metropolis. If a feeling of depression exists, it is from lack of exercise.

Still Texas has no mineral survey.

And the viaduct on the smelter road is worse than ever.

Thousands of Mexicans are in El Paso from the other side, and there is no crime or disorder. Tribute enough to the essentially peaceable character of the Mexican people.

The Mesilla valley will realize about \$75,000 net from cantaloupes this year, but in 1915 it ought to be 40 times that.

Joe Cannon complains that he "couldn't get the truth into the metropolitan newspapers." Why was he not more careful of his language then?

One concern selling engines for mine and ranch power announces that its El Paso branch has orders on file for \$200,000 worth of machines for delivery in Mexico, orders that have been accumulating in the last six months and are held up for the opening of railway communication. But while some of the delayed business in various lines will come to us later, much of it is gone, and the time lost cannot be made up.

## UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

I SAW the aviator soar far in the windswept void, and said: "He really ought to be more usefully employed. He's apt to fall a hundred miles should pinions break or bend, and while such things amuse the crowd, they're serving no good end. Some day he'll break his swanlike neck while painting cloudland red; and if he's useless when alive, he's more so when he's dead. I have no wish to soar aloft and ride the sweeping gale; I'll keep on raising prairie hay, and sell it, bale by bale. The man who makes two bales of hay come forth where one has grown, contributes to the public good, and earns a half a bone." "The man who flies!" my neighbor said, "will gather in more dough than you will get for all the hay from here to Jericho. And though his airship often sails above a field of wrecks, he entertains a jaded world—a world of rubbernecks. Some people think," my neighbor said, "that no one's doing good, unless he's growing bales of hay, and other breakfast food; but any man who takes our thoughts away from toil and care, contributes to the public good a large and handsome share."

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## Dorothy Dix On Woman's Great Crime Against Her Sisters.

A MAN correspondent propounds this riddle: "Why is it that although the average young woman is very anxious to become a wife and mother, when she marries and has sons of her own, she makes no effort to teach them to look upon marriage as a duty, but rather as a pleasure?" Why? Because the average woman is just a plain, ordinary, selfish human being, and not a pin-feather altruist. Every mother of a son goes through two Gethsemanes—once when she brings a man child into the world, and again when she sees him married. This is beyond all reason. It is just part of the mother nature.

A woman knows that her son should marry, that it is part of the scheme of nature that he should marry and found a home and family of his own. She also knows that it is best for her to marry, that he is likely to be a better man, to be healthier, happier and more prosperous if he does marry.

Nevertheless, in her secret soul, she hopes and prays that he won't marry, and that she will never have to go through the agony of seeing him take some other woman better than he does her. This is the secret of the strife between mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law. They are hereditary foes before ever the daughter-in-law is born.

Look on it as a Calamity. When a woman feels this way about her prospective daughter-in-law and looks forward to her son's marriage as the greatest calamity that can ever befall her, it is easy enough to see why she doesn't teach a son to regard marriage as a duty. None of us make very enthusiastic plans about our own funeral.

Mothers want their daughters to marry. They bring them up to marry and with the idea of marriage always held firmly before them as their ultimate destiny.

## When the Coach Was Held Up The Herald's Daily Short Story

By George S. Surrey.

"WELL, I think it's downright cowardly," Tommy Halliwell had to say it, though he felt sorry the next moment, remembering the woman in the corner of the stage.

The words had been on the tip of his tongue for the past three minutes, and quite involuntarily had at last escaped from behind his teeth. He meant the words, he felt them; but they were a little dangerous.

It is imprudent to throw out a general accusation of cowardice, unless you know your company very well indeed, when the Mississippi is left behind.

On this occasion no explosion followed. Three or four minutes later the young Englishman's face; their expression was more grave than threatening, and he colored.

But he was prepared to justify his announcement, and his blue eyes met the others defiantly.

For the past half hour, while the coach had groaned and rumbled through the night, he had listened to conversation based on a possible shortage of funds, and the young man, Seth Jones, the driver, when he climbed to his seat at Sheridan, had exchanged words with one of the hotel loungers on the same subject. Both had agreed that as nothing had been heard of Red Mike Flaherty and his gang, it is possible that they would be seen before long.

And Jones had given it as his opinion that the road through the foothills eight or nine miles the nearest held of Blood creek, would be the most likely place for Mike to show himself.

Halliwell, being an Englishman, couldn't understand the calm, dispassionate attitude of the prospective victim to Mike's lust for gold. They certainly didn't want to see Mike, but it was quite plain to the silent, listening Englishman, that if Mike did appear on the scene, he would only have to ask to be accommodated.

This condition of passive acceptance of robbery did not agree with Tommy. He heard the women passengers ask a question, learned that Red Mike's gang consisted of but one, and his surprise turned to irritation.

So, after chewing the reflection over for half an hour, he had let out his exclamation, and then stared defiance at the eyes turned on him.

"Ever been this way before, mister?" one queried in a lengthy silence. He was a big, gaunt miner, hard featured and square jawed, certainly not a weakling in appearance, yet he had seemed quite resigned to the loss of what he had on him should Mike appear.

"No."

"Ah, thought so."

Halliwell had on him some \$5000 in greenbacks, all the money he had in the world, and with which he was meaning to purchase a share in the Kicking Kate mine. It was no wonder he had a strong disapproval of tamely handing over his cash to a possible road agent.

"I'll 'low that'll depend, mister." "My name's Langford, an' they know me in 't' camp; I brought a tidy bit o' dust along o' me when I left a week ago, but if Mike an' his pals stopped us, I guess I'd 'a' turned it over to 'em."

"And you give up what you've got to the first scoundrel who asks for it?" cried Halliwell.

"The scoundrels usually hev a gun," Langford explained.

"What of that? You're armed as well?"

"I've don't seem to understand, mister." The man said with a weary air. "What's the good of losing yer hair an' showin' fight when yer liable to be drilled before yer can get yer gun?"

## High Cost Of Living Hurts the Millinery Trade Says Jobbers

Annual Convention of Millinery Association Has Difficult Problems to Consider.

MILLINERS from all parts of the country are on their way to Milwaukee where the annual convention of the National Millinery Jobbers association will assemble this week. The milliners bound for the Wisconsin metropolis are not the artists, but the business managers, of the profession. The spring season of 1911 exceeded all previous seasons in the sale of millinery products in the United States and the millinery jobbers have much to talk about before the midsummer season opens.

A truth there is much for the millinery business men to think about and talk over. The trade has not yet felt the reaction against the "cost of high living," but it is charged with a proportion of the "high cost of living" both directly and indirectly, and it is already feeling the heavy hand of the lawmaker who is determined to protect the birds of the country.

Plumage Law Affects Trade. The milliners all over the country are affected by the law which goes into effect in New York state this month prohibiting the use of many kinds of plumage for millinery purposes. The forbidden feathers, left on the hands of the dealers, must be disposed of in other sections of the country, and how to do this without cutting prices too much is one of the problems to be solved in Milwaukee. The milliners assert that the law is cruelly unjust, that it was enacted by reason of the exaggerated statements of "bad agents" of the Audubon society.

Many of the feathers under the ban of the New York state law are not secured by killing birds, but are collected after the birds have shed them, and so on. Against this defense is set the testimony of the government conservators, who assert that the plumage hunters have almost exterminated many kinds of birds, and that the slaughter of useful birds for plumage Audubon society and the agricultural interests of the county many millions of dollars annually.

At the Milwaukee convention the milliners will inaugurate a movement to secure an intelligent discrimination between feathers obtained by bird hunters and those obtained by the collection of moulted feathers. It is a fact not generally known that, aside from ostrich plumes, the great bulk of millinery plumage originates with the barnyard fowl. Ordinary chicken feathers are capable of many pleasing disguises, while turkey, goose, duck and guinea feathers are made up in many fashions. Practically all of the plumage sold at moderate prices is obtained from the sources without any injury whatever to the feelings of the purposes is costing the agricultural experts of the government.

Many Changes in the Trade. No trade or business has shown more changes in its operation during the past quarter of a century than that of millinery. One of the most noteworthy differences is that it has now become a business for men, whereas it formerly belonged almost exclusively to women. The man milliner arrived in the latter part of the 19th century. With the usual masculine insistence, he is rapidly pushing women out of his way. Last February, one of the largest wholesale millinery firms in the south, which also conducts a millinery college as a part of its work, invited all of its out of town customers to attend a course of instruction in

himself and his theory, he had made good his words.

"I couldn't help it," he ejaculated. "Yer darned fool," began one, "what'd yerv done if that gal—"

And then the girl stepped from the coach and coming to the Englishman, laid one hand on his arm.

"You're real brave you are," she said, "you're a man!" Her eyes flickered over the others. "I just hoped you'd do it."

Then she faced round, unfastening her collar and pushing back her hat, and in the prettiness revealed the men forgot her unjust estimation of them.

"Say, do any of you know Mr. Burgess?" she asked.

"Sure, miss," every man replied. "An inhabitant of Blood creek camp but know Dick Burgess, proprietor of the Kicking Kate mine, and respected him."

"Well, I'm his daughter, and I guess that when he hears what this young man has done he won't be sorry. He knows a man, if you don't," she added.

"But, miss," Langford began with a hesitating "spoon," that his little speech had not come off.

"But it did," interrupted the triumphant feminine. Red Mike winced.

"And if you're good Americans you're going to give him three cheers," the girl said, and she led the way.

They looked at each other, and then unhesitatingly, and without respect for the feelings of the robbers, they gave Halliwell three cheers and a tiger that made the surrounding crowd feel that they were not alone.

And then—Langford was the first—they stepped up and gripped hands with the Englishman.

"Yerv grit, sonny, if yer ain't got me out o' this fix, bluntly. And he voiced the sentiments of the rest."

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## Abe Martin

By Frederic J. Haskin



Life Bud says he's sorry he didn't learn 't' be a centist so he could charge folks whatever he needed. Don't worry over trouble. It never broke a date yet.

Into disfavor, and the Milliners' Jobbers association anticipating the acts governing this subject which are now before several state legislatures, is recommending that the trade discourage the sale of the long pin. To prevent loss from fine long pins already in stock, many of the jobbers have arranged to shorten them for their customers.

Tricks Played on Dealers. There is no trade which calls into play the vagaries of "temperament" so much as that of the milliner. A woman will like a hat one day and abhor it the next, for no apparent reason, and the milliner who fails to give her satisfaction is likely to lose her trade. Women will sometimes resort to trickery to gratify their vanity in hats as the milliners find to their cost. Having a hat sent home on approval, in order that the customer may wear it at a special function, and then return it on the plea that it did not suit, is a trick frequently played upon even first class milliners. If the customer is a good one, such incidents are frequently winked at, though they are most detrimental to the trade.

Securing a hat from a first class shop to be copied by a cheap milliner is very much worse. A prominent society woman in a western town recently ordered a hat sent home to her from the most exclusive shop. She kept it three days, and returned it on the plea that her husband did not like it. The next day, a salesman showing the hat to another customer, found a note pinned to the lining addressed to the woman who had returned the hat, saying: "I had no chignon this shade, so I had to use mulline for facing, but in everything else I copied the hat exactly for you." The proprietor was justly indignant. Orders were issued that that woman could have no further hats sent on approval, for since this exclusive model had been copied its chief value was gone.

The making of hats is a much less laborious process now, since new shapes are furnished each year. Local milliners are no longer expected to soak and sponge old hats and reblock them on new forms, pressing them with hot irons and sometimes stiffening them with starch, glue and other substance. No such messy work is a part of modern millinery. If a hat is to be made from old material, it is accomplished by sewing the material over a new wire frame, a task that is both simple and pleasant, compared with the old reblocking. Comparatively few hats are made over now, and the number is decreasing each year.

Tomorrow—Empire Day.

## LITTLE BOBBIE'S PA By WILLIAM F. KIRK

BOBBIE, sed Pa, if you go out to play on the streets I want you to be careful & not pick up any pennies. The people in the windows throw down to them hurdy gurdy men, sed Pa, that sum of our grown up comedians has a new joke, from what I read in this paper. The paper says these grown up comedians wait till they hear a hurdy gurdy playing down-on-the street, & then they take pennies & heat them in the store, in a skillet, until the pennies are red hot, & then they throw them down on the street for the organ grinders & the kids to pick up. It is a very cheap joke, I know, sed Pa, but they are doing it, just the same, so if you are anywhere near a hurdy gurdy, don't pick up a coin that falls out of a window.

I never picked up any coins, I sed to Pa. I mite have picked up one if I had seen it, but I never seen any. Well, sed Pa, I am jest telling you, that the front of mine naimed Mister Kiley was tellin' me, the other day, that his little boy Bobbie picked up a penny to give it to the hurdy gurdy man, & calm home with his hand & finger all blistered. So what-ever you doant pick up any coins on the street.

But I forgot all about what Pa sed, & that nite I was out on the street & a hurdy gurdy was playing & a penny fell out of front of me & I picked it up to give it to the hurdy gurdy man if he was looking, & it burned my fingers so hard that I had to go home & have Ma fix them. I was crying a little, but not much.

Didnt I tell you, sed Pa. Didnt I tell you what happened to littel Bobbie Kiley. You have a vary short memory, sed Pa.

Doant skold Bobbie, sed Ma, cant you see his little fingers all blistered. Sum peepul has a vary queer sense of humor.

What's that you have, sed Pa. I wish I cud see a full grown man throwing hot pennies out of a skillet onto the street. I would hop up the stairs and hop the skillet off his head.

As soon as Ma fixed my fingers was all went to the moving picture show & all the way to the show Pa was telling me how to go through life without getting fooled. It is the only sure way to success in life, sed Pa. I wasnt to be fooled. When you see anything anywhere that looks like sum munny, sed Pa, let it alone until you have looked it oaver a long time. Then, if it looks all rite, grab it & run.

After we had went into the show it was the same. Never at anybody hand you any of them gold bricks, Bobbie, Pa sed. Wen I was a littel boy I was always shrewd. Nobody put anything oaver on me, & I want you to grow up that same way.

Oh, be still, sed Ma, & let us enjoy the show. This western plecter is grate. What a splendid looking actor that man is that is playing the sheriff of that Arimony county. See, they have led him into a trap! They have fooled him.

Didnt I tell you, sed Pa. Why wasent he wise? Do you suppose they cud have pulled that trick on me? That is the way Pa kept talking till the show was over, & on the way home Pa saw a ten cent piece lying on the sidewalk. He picked it up & was going to give it to me, & then he sed sumthing I cant put in the paper, & he dropped it & held his right hand with his left hand.

I went to pick it up & then Pa sed Doant touch it, Bobbie, it is hot. But here is a dime out of my pocket if you doant tell yure mother. I pickt it up Pa that Ma had sed. I didnt see the hot dime, but I took the cold dime the same.

The stepmother of Alfred the Great was a German princess by the name of Judith and it was she who imbued the king with her love of learning. Judith, wife of Walthof, was a niece of William the Conqueror, and was called Juggie for short.

The Irish have adopted Juggie and turned it into Judy. Next name Isabella, No. 4, to be followed by Molly, No. 5, and Ida, No. 6.

Judith, correctly spelled Jehudith, is probably the feminine of Judah, but some authorities declare it a racial name Judith meaning Jewess. The "scarlet lily" is Judith's emblem and "gave of country" her sentiment. Judith, consort of Louis the Pious, led a turbulent existence, was repeatedly imprisoned, but died in 1846 in the full possession of her power and renown.

Like the above, Judith of Bavaria, was a woman of great beauty and wide learning.